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Volume 4

Number 4

JANUARY, 1914

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# The Ypsi=Sem

VOL. 4

YPSILANTI, MICH., JANUARY, 1914

No. 4



## *The Sign of the Hatchet*

Julius Duncan tells the story of the most thrilling event of his life in the following:

"I was clerking in a large department store in New York, depending upon my salary and small remittances which my uncle sent me at intervals, for my living. This uncle, George Winwood was a retired merchant who lived in quite a mansion out of town, and had everything that money could buy. He was very generous and distributed parts of his wealth to the poor upon his estate.

He had always shown a liking for me, and a proof of this was given, when, one spring morning, I received a hasty message from him, with words to the effect that I should come out immediately on important business. It was Saturday, a half-holiday, so I took an inter-urban car and soon found myself in the country with uncle's home in view.

Upon arriving I was immediately drawn into the study by the good man himself. He was very eager to impart the object of his message to me, so settling in a chair he began, "Julius, I have long thought that you deserve more than the meagre allowance which I have been sending you from time to

time, and, since I have no children of my own, I wish to give to you that which I would bestow upon them if possible. You have often told me that you enjoy travelling, but, since you have never been farther than from New York to Georgia how would a trip abroad strike you?

I was overwhelmed for the moment, by the enormity of the offer, but at last I managed to gasp, "It is too much! It is beyond all that my imagination has ever pictured! You had best use it to enjoy the sights of Europe yourself."

But he put aside all of my remarks, saying that he had been on the continent too many times to greatly enjoy anything which it offered, and that nothing would give him more pleasure than to send me.

He had everything settled before I fairly realized it, and had given me a cheque for two thousand dollars, telling me to get my ticket as soon as possible, and be on my way. In the course of a week, therefore, I was aboard the "Exetor," bound for Lisbon, Portugal, having bid farewell to friends and relatives.

The ship was not heavily laden, and we

went with the wind most of the time, making the trip in eight days. I did not linger in Lisbon but boarded a freighter for Naples, Italy, where I wished to look up some antiques for my uncle and in which I was very much interested myself. We hailed many schooners and sail-ships on the Mediterranean, transferring cargoes with one, after much palavering between the two commanders.

We reached Naples about four days after setting out from Lisbon, and I had my baggage taken to a hotel where I obtained a suite from the dark little proprietor. Practically everything differed from that in America and it all seemed very strange and unique to me.

The day after my arrival, I set out to explore the old temples of the city. The first that I entered was Carsia, which had a large display of statues. While gazing at one, of the old god Jupiter, I turned suddenly to find the wicked dark eyes of a swarthy Italian fixed upon my figure. When I looked at him he moved off in a nonchalant manner and disappeared behind some statues. On my way to the hotel that evening, I had the impression that I was being followed. I looked around twice; the first time seeing a man dart into a doorway, and the second, he turned as if to cross the street. At the time, I did not think anything of this, merely deciding that it was some petty pick-pocket awaiting a chance to rob me of a few coins.

That night I slept well, fanned by the warm, Italian breezes, and awoke early in the morning, eager for another day's exploits. As I opened my door to go into the hall, I noticed a piece of paper hung upon it, with a drawing of a hatchet, underneath which were the words in Italian, "Ten Thousand Dollars or Your Life, Five Days."

This certainly sounded mysterious, so taking the paper downstairs with me, I showed it to the proprietor, who threw up his hands in horror and cried, "The curse of the Mafia is upon you! May you be delivered!" in such a voice of terror that I wondered. "The Mafia? Curse?" I questioned; although I thought of the notorious Mafia brigand which had held sway in Sicily and Italy for so long; but could see no connection between myself and them.

"Yes, do you not know the sign of the Mafia? That is their death-weapon," pointing to

the hatchet, "and they have seldom failed," he whispered.

"But why should they aim their threats at me?" I asked.

"In all probability they think you are an American tradesman with a large supply of money at hand. If you fail to pay the sum, they will have your life instead. They have given you five days."

I finally began to realize that there might be some danger, as he said, and I endeavored to find some way out of the difficulty. At last I resolved upon a plan of action, so to speak, and having exacted confidence from the landlord, I imparted it to him, asking him if he should be willing to aid me. This he agreed to, and everything was decided upon. I was to set out the following morning, having my baggage taken down to the quay in a cart, I, myself, would slouch out of the back door of the hotel disguised as a laborer, and wearing a false beard.

You may be sure my pillow was not an easy one that night, but I finally dropped into a restless sleep. I awoke early and dressed quickly hastening down stairs. I found another paper on the door, the same as before, only in place of the "Five Days" was "Four Days."

Going to the proprietor, I was told that he had everything arranged, and that the cart would soon be there to take my baggage. I ate a hasty breakfast, paid my bill, and giving the landlord an extra sum, I started to the freighter upon which I would return to Lisbon. There was less danger in my starting so early, as I was not likely to be suspected.

I boarded the ship and my baggage was brought on a little later. I kept out of sight, down in the cabin, until we started in the afternoon. We made a quick trip, and from Lisbon, I took a steamer to London, England, remaining in the vicinity of the British Isles for about three weeks. I then took an American liner for home, rather glad to go from the perils of Europe.

My uncle welcomed me cordially and upon hearing of my adventure, he laughed heartily and asked me if I didn't want to try it again, since I was considered a wealthy merchant. But I told him that I had no such a desire as Italy was not so sunny and beautiful at times as some people think."

IRENE McQUEEN, '16.

## *Contrary to Fact Condition*

"Miss Devoe, what is contrary to fact condition?" Dorothy Devoe lifted her deep blue eyes and scanned the teacher's face. This was the first time she had been called upon to recite, since her entrance at the Boston High School. Former recitations seemed to suddenly crowd themselves into her memory. She remembered the old, carved desks and the cheap calico dress in comparison with these freshly varnished desk-tops and fine worsted suit; remembered the circumstance which had changed her from a simple Wyoming country maid into the beautiful adopted daughter of a Boston banker; the death of her father, the lonely trip east, and her arrival at Boston. These recollections rushed through her mind as she rose to make her first recitation before the strange teacher.

"Contrary to fact or unreal condition is an expression of—" and thus she continued. She had drilled and studied on this particular definition and knew it word for word. Nevertheless she dreaded the harsh criticisms she knew must follow. The end however, did not bring forth the customary corrections. Instead, a queer smile played about the thin bloodless lips of the teacher. Dorothy was surprised and amazed. What had she said to bring a smile to the elderly lady's face?

"Where did you get your definition for this particular construction, Miss Devoe?"

Dorothy named the latin grammar she had used at home.

"Have you it with you?"

"No, not here. But I can get it."

"Will you bring it to me this afternoon, please?"

"Certainly, if you wish it."

During the remainder of the morning, that same smile lay on the Latin teacher's face. The students' curiosity was aroused, to such an extent in fact, that a bold girl, who had previously shunned Dorothy, ventured to walk home with her. She asked numerous questions about the book, and Dorothy's life before she came to Boston. To all of them, Dorothy gave vague indefinite answers, and was glad when she reached home.

At dinner she related what had happened. Her late guardian, who was in reality her uncle,

said he had heard say that Miss Clark had been born in the West somewhere. She never gave any definite location. "I wonder" he said, and stopped. He seemed to be trying to recall something that had happened many years before. After some moments of reflection he shook his head and said, "I just can't seem to remember. Perhaps thought and a pipe of tobacco will help me. I'll tell you at supper-time." With that he rose from the table and entered the den.

When Dorothy returned to school, she carried a much dilapidated book. Its covers were torn and scribbled; the pages ragged and creased. The print was faded almost too faint to see. This was the only relic of former times Dorothy had brought with her. It reminded her of the hard-earned pennies that had paid for it. By means of this ancient book she had learned her first latin, and later, when she had prevailed upon her father to send her to the little "Brick Highschool" she did not have the heart to part with it. When she came east, the little book, yellow with age, came with her.

With a courageous heart, Dorothy entered the study hall of the "dead language" teacher. "Here is the grammar you requested me to bring."

The gray head, bowed over a Vergil book, slowly lifted. The face was covered with wrinkles, and the eyes red with weeping.

"Thank you," she said softly.

Then as Dorothy was about to leave, she called her back.

"Can you come over to my rooms tonight at seven o'clock? I live at 306 S—. Please come."

Dorothy promised to be there at the appointed time.

All afternoon Dorothy appeared absent-minded and dreaming. Several times she had to be reminded that she was in school, and the sharp rebukes of the teachers would suddenly bring her back to her work. She was wondering what Miss Clark had to do with the little Latin book. But she was soon to know.

That evening at supper, Dorothy suddenly remembered what her Uncle had said at noon. "Has your memory sufficiently recovered, to finish that, I wonder?" she asked.

"Yes, it has all come back to me now." He stopped, and seemed to be deciding the best way to begin. "Perhaps you have heard your father speak of an old couple, named Strong who lived in U——. They had one daughter, named Jennie, who married an eastern professor of Latin. After they had been married a couple of years, James Clark, the husband, grew tired of the West and resolved to come back. His wife refused to come, so he came here to Boston alone. He wrote to her many times, but received no answer. After several years had elapsed he went back to U——. He found that his wife had died about five years before, leaving a daughter. The daughter was now at S—— they said, if she hadn't moved again. He went there to see her and what he found very much surprised him. He expected to see a bold, western girl of some fifteen or twenty years. What he did find however, was a quiet self-possessed maiden of seventeen. He brought her back to Boston with him and sent her to school. She is now a Latin teacher at the Boston Public High School. You wonder how I found this out? One day about two years ago, James Clark came to the bank. We had been chums together when boys, and had not seen each other for years. He died about three months afterward. I have visited his daughter several times, and although she seems somewhat snappish, I know she has a kind heart."

That evening as Dorothy entered the luxurious apartments of her Latin teacher, she was met by Miss Clark, in a dainty dress and bedroom slippers. Her face wore a look of peace and contentment. She extended her hand with a "Good evening my dear, come and sit here where we can talk and be comfortable.

You probably wonder why I have asked you to come over to see me, but it is this—your recitation in class this morning seemed to bring back vivid memories." She related the same story told by Dorothy's uncle. "And this very book," she said, as she gently laid her hand on the ancient object at her side, "was my first means of learning Latin. See, here are my very initials, and here again, my name. My mother bought this for me when I first entered High School. No one had one like it, for my mother had obtained it at a second-hand store and the book was already much worn. But I loved it. After my mother's death I moved away and left the book. The people who owned the house must have sold it. I often wished for it, and used to repeat that same definition over and over, to keep it fresh in my mind, and now I have it again I long to keep it. May I? It would make me very happy."

Much as Dorothy loved the book, she was willing and glad to give it to this elderly lady whose life had been none too pleasant.

Several mornings afterward, a group of girls met Dorothy on the street corner with a "Good morning, Miss Contrary to fact condition." Surprised, she asked the meaning of this unusual greeting. They explained that Miss Clark had become so kind and gentle that everyone had been curious. When they discovered that it had all been caused by the recitation of a new pupil, they resolved to pay homage to this genius.

"You certainly should feel happy to have done so much good in such a short time," they said; and Dorothy did.

MARIAN AINSWORTH, '15

## *Translation from Virgil*

And now the time arrived, when that great gift  
Of all the gods comes stealing, gracious rest;  
When first the clouds of human troubles lift,  
And slumber creeps into the mortal breast.  
And lo! dead Hector came while I was sleeping,  
His feet were all besmeared with bloody dust;  
He stood awhile before me, sadly weeping,  
His body marred by many a cruel thrust.  
How altered his appearance and how changed!

From that great Hector I was wont to hail,  
Who spread fire 'mongst the Greek ships 'round  
Troy ranged,  
Or garbed himself in fierce Achilles' mail!  
For stiff with matted blood were beard and hair  
And saturated with the bright red gore,  
And all those gruesome spear wounds did he  
bear  
That he received at Troy's wall, days before.

Through the hot tears I saw him, and thus  
spoke,

"Oh light of Troy, Oh Ilion's strongest stay;  
What power could thy absence dread provoke  
On what shores has it been thy lot to stray?  
How joyfully, after so long a space  
Of suffering and of danger, longed for one,

Do we perceive again thy well-known face,  
Tired as we are with hardships undergone!  
But why upon thy countenance such pain?  
And why these ugly wounds?" He cast aside  
My queries idle, and my questions vain,  
And, groaning deeply, from his heart replied.  
"Alas, Oh Goddess born, I pray depart.  
Flee, thou and thine, this scene of blood and  
fire.

The Grecians gain the city through their art;  
Escape from Troy ere it become thy pyre.  
The enemy already hold the walls;  
The city now is trembling to its base;  
The power the fates reposed in Priam falls.  
Seize thou thy household gods and flee the  
place.

If prowess could have saved our noble state  
My own would have sufficed that state to save;  
Seek safety now before it be too late,  
Choose comrades and set out upon the wave."  
Thus spoke the noble Hector, and from his  
hand placed in mine  
The potent Vesta's image, snatched from out  
her burning shrine.

### *The Library*

The periodicals for 1914-15 include:

Atlantic Monthly  
Century  
Craftsman  
Educational Review  
Elementary School Teacher  
English Journal  
Good Housekeeping  
Harper's Monthly  
Independent  
Journal of Geography  
National Food Magazine  
North American Review  
Outing  
Public Libraries  
Review of Reviews  
St. Nicholas  
School Review  
Scientific American  
Scribners  
Technical World  
World's Work  
Youth's Companion  
A. L. A. Booklist

Carnegie Library Bulletin, Pittsburgh  
New York Libraries  
Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature  
Wisconsin Library Bulletin  
Chicago Record Herald

The following have been gifts to the library:

American Schoolmaster, M. S. N. C.  
Ass'n for International Conciliation, Pub.  
Detroit Public Library Bulletin, Pub.  
International Conciliation, Pub.  
Michigan Alumnus, U. of M.  
Michigan Ass'n for Prevention and Relief of  
Tuberculosis, Pub.  
Michigan Libraries, State Library.  
Michiganensian, U. of M.  
Quarterly Bulletin of Mich. State Library,  
State Lib.  
Open Shelf (Cleveland Pub. Lib.), Pub.  
Outdoor Life, Journal of, Ypsilanti Anti-Tuber-  
culosis Society.  
The Public, A. M. Todd of Kalamazoo.  
Public Health, State Dept, of Health.  
Ypsi-Sem, Y. H. S.  
Ypsilanti Daily Press, Pub.

A young lady telephone operator recently  
attended a watch-night service and fell asleep  
during the sermon. At the close, the preacher  
said, "We will now sing hymn number three-  
forty-one—three-forty-one."

The young lady, waking in time to hear the  
number, yawned and said: "The line is busy,  
call again."

There was a young lady had charge of a room,  
But she had so many children she didn't know  
what to do,  
She wished she could spank them and send  
them to bed  
But there now, Miss Hardy, the worst has been  
said.

# The Ypsi-Sem

This paper is published monthly by the pupils of the Ypsilanti High School, at Ypsilanti, Michigan, the board of editors being chosen by the faculty.

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## EDITORIAL STAFF

Nat Hopkins, '14.....Editor-in-chief  
Philip Boyce, '14.....Associate Editor  
Florence Matthews, '14.....Literary Editor  
Alvin Maulbetsch, '14.....Athletic Editor  
Ellen Kishlar, '14...Joke and Exchange Editor  
Foster Fletcher, '15.....Local Editor  
Wendell Gorton, '14.....Art Editor

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## Editorials

### CONCERNING THE SEASON

This number of the Sem marks the beginning of a new, and to many, a most portentous year. Nor is it without a certain feeling of regret that some of us realize ourselves to be upon the last lap, so to speak, of our High School career. There are those who prefer not to dwell upon the fact that they have fought their last gridiron battle for old Y. H. S. The relationships formed during the past four years are not easily relinquished. In another six months the best in the school will have departed. The lower classes will advance and a fresh (yes, that is the word) mob will pour in from the grades. In passing it might be explained that there are two ways of looking at this subject, supposing, first, that the Seniors move on in order to make way for the rising young generations, and second, that the latter

merely rise to do what little they are able toward filling the aching void left by our departure. The Senior prefers the latter view.

But, seriously, what does this new year present in the way of opportunities? What should be its significance to us in High School? Not only should it inspire the Senior to greater exertions in order that he may wind up his career here in one blaze of glory, but it should also create in the other classes a burning desire to emulate him, and to render themselves worthy of becoming his successors, as well as to evade the June final exams. For some there is the honor-roll for which to strive. Then for others there are athletic achievements. Everyone has some high and lofty ideal to gain, and it is our purpose now merely to call attention to the fact, this being the season at which it is customary to begin the new-year. Let us therefore resolve to make the most of our opportunities during the months about to start, in order to derive the greatest possible benefit from our High School life, and this, as has been said before, can be accomplished only by putting the most into it.

—:o:—

### TEN THOUSAND MEN WALK OUT

You have seen this phrase many times in the newspaper and you usually stop and wonder what it is, that they want now. This idea is used not only by the laboring man and the capitalists, in the trust and the union, but also in fact, by all classes of people of today. It is cooperation, then, that separates us from the barbarian and is the keynote of modern civilization. We ourselves are cooperating together to get an education unobtainable by any one of us, by his or her own efforts. It is and should to a greater degree be used by you and us to our mutual benefit. If you help us in something in which we are interested then we should do as much for you. When twenty-five fellows get together and get up some yells, they can drown out twice that number, who are not led and just yell when they happen to think of it. Therefore should you not be a member of every school organization which has been started or will you pull and haul and "knock" and just come to school to get sixteen credits or to get on the football or baseball teams? These other organizations have been started for Your benefit and they depend upon your efforts to keep them up. Get together and do something.

# A T H L E T I C S

The football season is now over, with the exception of recording the results of the two final games played by the Reserves. It will also be interesting to nearly every one to look back on the games played this year, to see the spirit shown on the part of the individual player as well as by the school.

On Saturday, November 22, the Reserves played the Reserves from Ann Arbor High on Reinhart Field. Although Ann Arbor called their team the Reserves, nevertheless half of the number of players were from the first team. This made the Ypsi fellows play harder to win the game. This was one of the best games of the season. It was rather doubtful as to who would win for the prospects were in favor of Ypsi but Ann Arbor outweighed them by far.

Ypsi played all around them with one exception and that was Ann Arbor's forward pass which worked most of the time. The line of the Arborites was weak for the Reserves made good gains through it. McCauley made some fine tackles, Miller played a fine game at quarterback until he hurt his hip and had to quit, and we were forced to punt just once.

The final score was 6 to 0 in favor of Ann Arbor.

## ROYAL OAK VS. Y. H. S.

Early Thanksgiving morning the Reserves went on their last trip of the season and also the last game. Royal Oak is a small town north of Detroit. The game was called at 2:30.

There was great spirit shown in this game and had it not been for the crowded bleachers the home team would have won by a very low score. No gains could be made through the line of Royal Oak, but long gains were made around the ends. Ypsi held them very well in the first three quarters of the game, the score standing 10 to 0 and the end of the third quarter.

Things changed to a greater loss in the last quarter for the Royal Oak team was encouraged and cheered by the people. This aroused the spirits of the home team and as a consequence Ypsi was taken off her feet. 31 points were scored in this quarter making a total of 41 to 0 in favor of Royal Oak.

After the game was over the fellows were

taken to a banquet hall where there was a fine Thanksgiving dinner awaiting them. This shows fine spirit which should be shown by every team in behalf of the visitors.

Now reflection on the football as a whole this year. It will be seen that out of eleven games played by the first and second teams together, only three were won as far as the score was concerned. This however, does not mean that the players did not do their best but the schedule seems to have been too hard and long. Coldwater and Ann Arbor have a larger number to pick from.

If the loyalty of the school toward the team was as it should have been, the team would have had a better record in football. This was one of the great factors of the Coldwater High School. The stores and business places were closed and every one turned out to cheer for their team, a band was there to furnish music.

When the football team went to Detroit to play the Central Reserves there were over a thousand spectators on the sidelines. There was also a band and songs were sung by the High School students. This points out success for a football team.

Now turn to the students' morals and standings in school work for a time. No one was allowed to smoke or carry on in any way while on the team. If this should happen and if the guilty one was found out, he would be dropped from the team. This happened in one case and that person was out of the games for the rest of the season. If any one does not have good passing marks he is not allowed to play. So in this way the better side of athletics is attained and carried.

This year was the first that we have ever had a Reserve team. In no other way has the first team prospered so well as by the practice they received from the Reserves. This is another benefit to the school for it gives a better opportunity to the individual in that he receives more and better training.

The Reserves will receive R's while the first team will receive their Y's with a letter F upon each which signifies or stands for football. It has not as yet been decided as to when they will be awarded these letters.

## School News

### HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

After the reading of the minutes, the roll call and the reports of the various committees, House Bill No. 40, providing that the U. S. own and control all firms and stores dealing in spirituous or intoxicating liquors was debated upon. The debaters were, for the affirmative, Fletcher and Moran, and for the negative Gorton and Sparling. After a general discussion a vote was taken and the bill lost.

At this meeting the name of John Hubbard was submitted and voted in. Attention was called to the fact that the next meeting would be held the next Tuesday in place of the second Tuesday and the meetings would be every week henceforth. After this the meeting adjourned.

At the meeting of the House held December 2nd, the bill: Resolved, That an Agricultural College be founded by the U. S. for Negroes was debated upon by L. Miller and Brown for the affirmative, and Hopkins and Coe for the negative. Many heretofore unknown facts concerning the Negro race were brought out in this debate but even then the bill was lost by a vote of fifteen to eleven.

The next meeting of the House was held December 9th and the House bill No. 44 was debated upon. This was an amendment to the constitution providing that capital punishment be abolished. This debate was especially good having on the affirmative side Glenn Smith, one of the most able speakers of the House and M. James. For the negative, P. Boyce, speaker of the House was the leader, with R. James as his partner. After a general discussion a vote was taken with the result of seventeen for it and eleven against the bill. The bill was lost, however, as it was an amendment to the constitution which requires a two-thirds majority to pass.

An amendment to our House Constitution was given by Richards, that the meetings be held every two weeks. This was seconded and will be voted upon next meeting. The proposition of having a debating club was introduced and about fifteen fellows expressed a desire to join such an organization. It was decided that the first meeting be held Wednes-

day, December 10th at 3:15 and successive meetings after school every week.

The motion was then made to adjourn.

### BASKETBALL PROSPECT

Letters have been received from different High Schools wishing to schedule a game of basketball ball with us. If a place can be found in which to practise, a basketball team will be formed and a schedule will be made out. This is a very interesting game for winter sport. It keeps the player in trim for the coming sports of the spring and summer.

### Y W C A

After the Y. W. C. A. heard the splendid reports of the Older Boys' Conference in chapel, they were duly inspired and the seven active members decided to reorganize and have a membership campaign. They also decided that their meetings should have a little social flavor as well as religious as it has always been before. The organization will now be under the supervision of Miss Rogers and Miss Steere.

### P L S

At the P. L. S. meeting, held for the purpose of a debate on the question: "Resolved, That the United States should declare war upon Mexico," a large number of girls was present. The debate was especially interesting as a similar question had been debated in the House of Representatives and the affirmative had come out victorious. Not so with these young ladies. With Ruth Matthews and Helen Kniseley on the negative, they were quite easily won over to believe that it was better that the Mexicans should keep on killing themselves than that any of the young men of this country should lose their lives. The affirmative was represented by Edith Clark and Maurine Rogers who had well prepared debates. The P. L. S. hopes to arrange for a debate with the House of Representatives in the near future.

### JUNIOR RECEPTION

The annual reception of the class of 1915 was held in the chapel on the night before Thanksgiving, Nov. 27 at 7:30 o'clock. When

nearly every one had arrived, bits of picture post-cards were given to each person and then every one attempted to find people with "bits" like theirs and make a whole picture. When this was finished the persons were divided into about six groups of ten persons each. These different groups gave a charade separately, for the others to guess.

After charades, president Schaffer called upon each member of the faculty who was present, for a speech. Each one in turn spoke of the good time they had had thus far that evening. Mr. Hull was the last one to be called upon and as the hour was near ten he made a short, witty, optimistic speech.

Refreshments of sandwiches and chocolate were served shortly after this in Room B. While the feasting was going on Avis Rice gave a very appropriate speech about Thanksgiving which every one enjoyed and encored.

Everyone then retired from the scenes of festivity hoping they would be able to attend the next reception given by the class of 1915.

#### Y M C A

At the Y. M. C. A. meeting, held Nov. 20th in Mr. Ross' room, the fellows were entertained by Prof. Gorton, of the Normal faculty, who showed them lantern slides of the north woods. Mr. Gorton had taken these pictures himself, while taking a tramp through the woods of northern Michigan, one summer vacation. The pictures were taken with a kodak and what made them more interesting and beautiful was the fact that he had colored the plates himself. Many of the pictures were of the shoreline and colored rocks along Lake Superior. As a variety to scenery and camping sites there were three pictures of a porcupine taken at night by flash-light.

After the pictures the business of sending delegates to the Older Boys' Conference, was taken up. It was decided that two fellows besides the president should go to Saginaw.

Hopkins, Boyce, Platt, Davis and Coe were nominated as delegates and Hopkins and Platt were elected.

The Y. M. C. A. meeting held Dec. 4th in Room B was for the purpose of hearing the reports of the fellows who went to Saginaw. Platt, Hopkins and Maubetsch gave reports, Platt taking Friday, telling of the registration and banquet at night, Hopkins taking Saturday

and telling of the meeting Saturday morning and of his visit to the Saginaw Plate Glass factory. Maubetsch told about the meetings Sunday and after these special talks some of the other fellows, who represented other organizations told about some of the things that impressed them. After a report by Mr. Hull on the Adult Leaders' Supper the meeting was given over to an open discussion on how to increase the membership. Several suggestions were offered all of which seemed feasible but no definite action was taken.

The fellows were requested to hand slips to Gorton, with the name of the vocation they should like to hear about, and their names. It was here suggested that discussion class be formed but it was decided that outside speakers should not be called upon every meeting and any meeting might be a discussion meeting.

Shortly after this the meeting adjourned.

Last month a prize was offered by Weinmann-Watthews Co., to the pupil writing the best story for publication in the "Sem."

By the judges decision, "The Minor Chord" by E. Kishlar took first place; "Contrary to Fact Condition," by M. Ainsworth, and "The King Pickerel," by P. Smith, second and third places respectively.

Several stories were handed in, all of which were good, and most of which will appear in later issues.

Bernice Elliot was absent from school from Dec. 7th to Dec. 10th on account of illness.

The choir will make its debut on the 18th of Dec., in the evening, at 7:30 o'clock, when it will give a Christmas cantata.

A nominal fee of ten cents will be charged.

The annual football banquet was held Wednesday, Dec. 17th at 7:30 in the evening, at the Triangle Terrace.

Miss Laird was confined to her home a part of the second week in December on account of rheumatism.

Miss Rogers had a slight attack of tonsilitis about the first of December.

Edwin McCauley was absent from school Dec. 9th and 10th on account of illness.

Phoebe Jefferson was absent from school Dec. 8th on account of illness.

Frank Davis will spend the Christmas holidays with his sister at Houghton, Mich.

## J O S H E S

## In Zoology Class

Mr. Wood.—“What becomes of the bugs in winter, Mr. Bird?”

Mr. Bird (absently mindedly)—“Search me.”

—:o:—

Alfreda.—“Why, its only six o'clock and I told you to come after supper.”

Heine—modestly.—“That's what what I did come after.”

—:o:—

Lynn S, our break-neck chauffeur, says that Fords were used in Caesar's time as a means of transportation. Proof, Book II, chapter 9, line 12, “Fords having been found, the enemy attempted to cross with part of their troops.”

—:o:—

Young Harry Hubbard went to the cupboard To ask his pony a question,  
But he couldn't remember the noun in the gender.

So he took his horse to the lesson.

—:o:—

“What's the shape of the earth?” asked the teacher, calling suddenly upon Willie.

“Round.”

“How do you know it is round?”

“All right, it is square then,” said Willie,  
“I don't want to start any argument about it.”

—:o:—

P ay attention

A lways do lessons,

S corn good times

S tudy hard

but

F ierce lessons,

L ate hours,

U nexpected company,

N o lessons,

K nocked out.

—:o:—

Edith.—“This piece of lace on my dress is over fifty years old.”

Neva.—“It's beautiful; did you make it yourself?”

—:o:—

Speaking of world controversies—Germany got hungary so Connecticut a piece of Turkey. Japan took a piece of China; all France got was a little Greece. Where did England? Ex.

## Letters Sent To Santa Claus

Dear Santa:

Please don't forget to send me that dolly. I haven't had one since I put my hair up, cause Mama said I was a big girl now.

Yours truly,

A FRESHMAN.

Dear Mr. Santa :

If you would be so kind as to please bring me some kind of a rocking horse, a pony is preferred, as we are going to have a exam in Latin and I think I would study better if I had it to play with.

Resp't,

JERRY.

Dear Santa:

Give every one every thing they want. So they will feel good and hand in a few more contributions than this month. STAFF.

—:o:—

Bob.—“Now remember I don't want a very large picture?”

Photographer.—“All right sir, please close your mouth.”

—:o:—

Jerry, to waiter.—“Do you serve lobsters here?”

Waiter.—“Yes, sir, sit right down; we serve anybody.”

Miss Roberts to Freshman.—“Yes, I have made out your reports; you are finished.”

—:o:—

A. Richards.—“It took me three months to learn all about this.”

L. James.—“And what did you get for your pains?”

Al.—“Liniment.”

—:o:—

He.—“Since you lost that bet, I think I can claim the forfeit.”

She.—“I really don't know what you mean and besides some one might see us.” Ex.

—:o:—

A fool can ask more questions than a wise man can answer. Then no wonder we flunk in our exams.

—:o:—

W. Gorton.—“What does it mean to say a girl is as pretty as a picture?”

P. Boyce.—“Merely a frame of mind.”

Dear Editor:

How can I turn my last year high-heeled patent-leathers into sneakers?

Yours truly,

HELEN M.

Dear Helen:

Try first to rub off all the patent with a tooth brush and sapolio a little lemon juice and peroxide will bleach them beautifully. Chop the heels off and spread entire sole with twelve-dozen hard rubber balls, cooked until they form a soft ball in water.

Don't wear for twelve months.

EDITOR.

—:o:—

Dear Editor:

Can you give me a good recipe for fudge?

BERNICE.

Dear Bernice:

Take one long strip of cocoa, two good slices of milk which has been dried, one slab of sugar and a big pinch of butter. A little tobacco will be found a good flavor.

Stir around the stove and cut in square circles.

EDITOR.

—:o:—

Dear Editor:

How can I become cultured.

BOB T.

Dear Bob:

Yours is a hard case, though we will do our best to help you. Don't study too hard—people will think you are planning to earn your own living, don't speak above a whisper—they will think you were raised in a factory. Always wear a monocle and rubber-heels, they are considered genteel.

—:o:—

Editor Ypsi Sem:

Kindly tell me why a girl always closes her eyes when you kiss her, and oblige.

Yours truly

FRANK D.

Dear Frank:

If you look into the mirror you may be able to answer your own question.

EDITOR.

—:o:—

Zip—"When does a caterpillar improve its morals?"

Edith—"Don't know."

Zip—"When he turns over a new leaf."

Extract from latest book written by our rising young novelist: "Young Bilip Phoyce faced the geometry-preceptress' frigid countenance resolutely, but not boldly. "Yes, yes, yes." He might have been heard to mutter insistently, "Yes, yes, I must." Then he said aloud: "I desire to ascertain my mark?"

"Well then," replied the cold, harsh voice of the geometry preceptress, "If I must divulge it, you have received a one."

The poor lad passed a great hand over his eyes, reeled and would inevitably have cap-sized, had it not been for the assistance of the friendly throng of sophs and things that propped him up against the table and reassured him with kind words and gentle pats. With a sudden, single, superhuman effort he pulled himself together, and again faced the frigid features of the geometry-preceptress, albeit he was somewhat paler than before.

"I must beseech you to refrain from kidding me upon so serious a subject, as it is extremely deleterious to my somewhat epileptic constitution," he remarked in that manly tone that made the Phoyce gens famous. The concourse of sophs and other things turned an admiring gaze upon the author of these heart-stirring words. For the space of an instant you could have heard a pin-feather drop. Then the cold, harsh voice of the geometry-preceptress was again audible.

"I sincerely regret to repeat Mr. Phoyce, that you have received a one."

—! crash! —!

They picked up the lifeless corpus and stuffed the chamionship-banner into the great, gaping hole where the cupola had struck the desk-corner and from which the gore was now spurting in a dark, tempestuous torrent.

"Too bad, too bad!" came the voice of the geometry preceptress, fully two degrees and forty-three minutes warmer, "Will someone kindly break the news to mother?"

—:o:—

E. Thompson (reading Latin trans.)—"Amo te."

Lynn S—"What does that mean?"

E. T.—"Oh, Lynn haven't I told you that enough times."

—:o:—

Miss Roberts—"Your answer is as clear as mud."

E. Thompson—"Well that covers the ground doesn't it?"

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